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VALENTINES.



BYELLA.



452.

Deposited in the Clerk's Office
for the Southern District
of New York Feb'y 6. 1879.



VALENTINES.

BY ELLA. *found.*
"



Vive l'amour !

"It rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is Heaven, and Heaven is love."

"I marked where the bolt of Cupid fell—
It fell upon a little Western flower,
Before milk white, now purple, with
Love's wound,
And maidens call it Love in idleness."

NEW-YORK:

T. J. CROWEN.

1849.

PS991
E5 V3

VALENTINES.

I.

By the magic of thy name
Ne'er breathed to mortal ear,
And by my many treasured thoughts,
By many a bitter tear.—
And by those gentle smiles of thine,
Thy soft eyes, magic glance,
And by the music of thy voice,
Whose tones, each word enhance—
I woo thee ; but to thee unknown,
I mix amid the crowd—
And murmur can'st thou love me, sweet ?
In accents deep—not loud—
Oh ! could'st thou ? I thy slave will be,
And worship at thy shrine,
Love's holy altar, is it not
Thine heart ? Sweet Valentine !

11.

Those words are murm'ring round me still,
E'en to this heart of mine—
Yet, I have never gazed on thee,
Rejoicing thou wert mine ;
But brighter is my destiny
Thus dreaming, still of thee,
Than if a joyless life I passed
'Mid power and luxury.
I prize thee for thy manly grace—
I prize thee for thy truth ;
Forgive my boldness—love me still,
Mine heart is thine, dear youth ;
And when full many years have passed,
Will thou still call me thine ?
And bless the day you called me so,
My noble Valentine ?

III.

What shall I do to please thee, Love ?
 Exert thy power at will,—
 At thy command, I'd fly to death—
 And dying, love thee still.
 I have a proud, but honest heart,
 Oh ! weigh it in affection's scale,
 It doth not sue with guileful art,
 Let gentle Love prevail.
 My rival layeth at thy feet
 Each precious gem ; my humble lot
 Hath naught to proffer, but the flower,
 Love's sweet Forget-me-not !
 Choose, then, what gift, wilt thou call thine,
 Rich gems ? or mine ? thy Valentine.

IV.

Kind sir—dark hair looks well with pearls,
 And gems look bright in jetty curls ;
 So, on my life ! I can't refuse—
 And must, perforce, the diamonds choose.
 Flowers will fade and love decay,
 But gems shine with undying ray ;
 With many a curtesy I decline
 To take thee for my Valentine.

v.

Oh ! give me your smiles, for I never could
brook

To see on thy face such a cold, scornful look ;
But if not, then take mine, I even must laugh
When I think that I ever could be such a calf
As to sigh for a stick, or a stone to be mine,
I'm quite cured, and I am not, ma'm, thy
Valentine.

vi.

I will give you my smiles ;
I always have thought
You as green as a Caty-did
Ere it was caught ;
But much I do wonder
How e'er you could laugh ;
I never expected so much from a calf.
But farewell, on the grass
A la pic-nic go dine—
I'll have none such suitors
For my Valentine.

VII.

We seldom meet at gay soirees,
Where mirth and music charm the soul ;
We never meet amid the Park,
And arm in arm around it stroll.
Why is it so ?—pray what's estranged
Thine heart—ah ! tell me why thou'st changed ?
Wert thou but flirting ? art thou mine ?
As I am—thy true Valentine !

VIII.

Come at the twilight's witching hour,
Or whilst the moonbeams calmly shine,
Or, when earth is lit by the sun's bright power,
And be my Valentine.

IX.

Come to me at the midnight hour,
When spirits of earth and heaven have power,
To the magic circle, where fairies will tell
The name of her I love so well;
And oh, if the Fairy should whisper thine,
Would you turn in scorn from thy Valentine?

X.

I'll come, I'll come, lest the charm should fail—
Be ready then, with a true love tale,
And I'll care not for fairy's nor witch's spell,
When I gaze on the one I love so well;
He's a bold wizard, who woos love of mine,
And that wizard thou art, my wild Valentine.

XI.

Some woo with words, but I with money—
 'Tis passing strange, 'tis very funny—
 But gold will open Beauty's door,
 As you have often heard before ;
 Oh ! would that it may open thine,
 Take all my wealth, fair Valentine.

XII.

Keep your money—keep your pelf,
 Take away your ugly self—
 I'd rather work from morn 'till night,
 Than marry such an ugly wight.
 Cross grained too, I should be to blame—
 Thee for a Valentine, oh ! shame.

XIII.

Pretty, rich and such a Belle
With you right in love I fell,
Will you have me ? to be thine,
I'll make a handsome Valentine.

XIV.

Handsome, manly, but so poor,
Poverty for Love's a cure.
No, I cannot call thee mine,
I do not want a Valentine.

XV.

Lady, throw up thy window—and list to my
sigh—

I'm never far from thee, still sauntering nigh—
Alas! whilst the Stars shine, or falleth the
dew,

I must love thee—then smile on a passion so
true,

Let a welcome beam forth from those soft eyes
of thine,

And whisper, dear one, I'm thine own Valen-
tine.

XVI.

Why send me Valentines again,
Thou vainest of all silly men?
No smiles of mine shall greet thy view,
You'd bow the same to more than two,
Aye, twenty have refused thy hand,
And thinkest thou, at thy command,
I'd listen to such love as thine,
No—choose another Valentine,

XVII.

Up and down the street I wander,
 On thee, charming girl, to ponder ;
 All the study that I prize,
 Is the language of thine eyes.
 'Tis not Greek, Hebrew, or Latin,
 But it is as soft as satin,
 Love's own language is it not ?
 (Or I have my love forgot,)
 It seems to say, dear youth, I'm thine—
 Be this year my Valentine.

XVIII.

Thou hast read Love's language rightly—
 I am thine, and only thine,
 O'er my bosom purely, brightly
 Shines affection's light divine ;
 Take my hand, my heart is thine—
 Be my constant Valentine.

XIX.

Thy feet are rather large, my dear,
 Thy form is much too fat ;
 But then you have a heavy purse,
 And all agrees with that :
 Then scorn me not, if I thus prize,
 And honestly, like a true sinner.
 Prefer substantials to Love's fare,
 Smiles, tears, but oh ! no dinner.
 I'll put thy money out to nurse ;
 I'll nurse thee too, when thou art ailing.
 Come tell me then, thou wilt be mine ;—
 Excuse my only failing—
 I love mine ease, thou shalt have thine—
 Come take my hand, my Valentine.

XX.

Thou mean and sordid elf ! I blush
 When thy red hair I see,
 And nose tipped with a rosy flush,—
 Ha ! ha !—'twill never be.
 I'll keep my houses and my land ;
 I'll hold my stock secure, in fine ;
 My purse is safe in mine own hand—
 Begone, Sir Valentine !

XIII.

You may coquet with all you see ;
 Do'nt think that it will trouble me.
 I, as a *Beau*, have *many strings*,
 And know full well, how each chord rings,
 But you shall have no *ring* of mine,
 Ma' Belle ; I'm not your Valentine.

XIV.

A *Beau* will break, and strings will crack,
 And when you're taken thus aback,
 You'll wring your hands and sigh for me,
 Whilst I shall sing fiddle de de.
 The *Beau* is broken—the board hath gone,
 And the poor *Base* Instrument will mourn ;
 My hand shall not Love's chords awaken :
 Sweet Valentine, you are forsaken.

XV.

If you were not so old, and your head was
 not bald,
 I would not mind by your name being called ;
 But, Sir, 'tis impossible—'tis on my life !
 I cannot consent to becoming your wife.
 No, no ; do not think I could ever be thine—
 I am now looking out for a young Valentine.

XVI.

If your teeth were your own
You might talk of my head ;
But I'll not be rude
If *you* are so ill bred ;
But this I can tell you,
Though bald heads are shocking,
What think you of girls
With large holes in each stocking ?
Holes love would fall through, and such ones
are thine.
Oh ! I'll have no sloven for my Valentine.

XVII.

Resting awhile on Mem'ry's tide
The visioned past may float along,
And thoughts and feelings with it glide
A passionless and faded throng,
So has it passed this love of mine.
"The baseless fabric," ruined, lies,
And I am not thy Valentine
Nor slave of those bold eyes.

XVIII.

I would I were a fairy,
Or had a fairy's power,
(Not that I care to live on dew,
Or sleep within a flower)
But I wish I were a fairy
To make you kinder prove,
Then, you should listen to my vow
And give me all your love.
In truth, you'd find your Valentine
A constant one and true,
For it wounds me e'en in these few lines
To bid you, Love, adieu.

XIX.

Will you love me for myself alone,
And love me very truly?
You all are apt to promise this
When you have loved but newly.
I'll plight thee here an honest heart,
A heart that feels sincerely,
I never thought I could have loved,
As I do love thee dearly.
Then see me kneeling at thy feet,
In heart and soul thine only—
Oh, take me for your Valentine,
I own I'm very lonely.

X X.

Love bringeth thoughts, that make their own
distress,
It bringeth dreams too, full of happiness,
And hopes that fall, like dew-drops o'er the
Rose—
Sweet Valentine, let Love with hope repose.

X X I.

The birds pour forth their soul in song
Song murmurs on the breeze—
Each Zephyr, as it flies along,
Kisseth the fluttering trees.
If Love and Song have so much power
On trees and birds, can mine
Win thee, sweet cousin, (Beauty's flower)
To be my Valentine?

X X I I.

If ladies could be won by song—
And flutter like a leaf,—
Then you and I could jog along
Without a thought of grief.
Alas! I am no bird or flower,
But a poor, simple Maid,
(That never felt Love's wondrous power)
Of Valentine, afraid.

XXIII.

I never would object to love,
 If you would not coquet;
 And even that I might forgive—
 But oh, can I forget?
 The coffee cold—the toast still worse;
 The large hole in your stocking;
 The grease spots on the table-cloth,—
 Each one and all so shocking?
 The curl papers upon your head
 At two o'clock—fie, fie;
 No Valentine could woo thee thus—
 I could not should I try.

XXIV.

I am sure I do not wish your love
 With that bush upon your face,
 When a lap-dog I should venture on,
 'T would be a dog of grace—
 Then take a lady's kind advice,
 From that vile screen step out:
 We cannot tell behind it what
 Your features are about.
 A Valentine don't scandalize
 Those innocent dear creatures,
 For we can see their eyes quite plain
 Without hunting for their features.

xxv.

Oh ! I would ask no other skies
Than the dark one now clouding o'er me ;
My heaven then, would be thine eyes,
If thou wert ever thus before me.
Oh, dearest one, e'en by the heart
That palpitates when thou art near,
And trembles, ever loth to part,
Be my Valentine this year ?

xxvi.

Ha, ha,—I vow you make me laugh
So sentimental grown ;
What draught of nectar you must quaff,
To make you so high flown.
But if you'll keep to making money,
And all such trash throw by,
Your Valentine by all that's funny
I'll be, or let me die.

xxvii.

You are not very lovely,
Your orbs are quite awry ;
I can't tell when you look at me,
Although I come quite nigh.
Cross looks I never could endure,
And yours are rather cross ;
But I'll take you for my Valentine
If your father will endorse.

XXVIII.

If my looks are cross, pray look at home,
Although you are *deep read*,
Your learning made such progress, that
It tinged nose, hair, and head.
If I called you my Valentine,
My heart with grief would quiver;
You'd better go and dig for gold
By the Sacramento River.

XXIX.

Blush not, that from thine eyes were told
A tale thy lips would deem too bold
Nor let those treacherous lips deny
What's written in that tell-tale eye,
Then smiling say, dear Valentine,
Believe me I am wholly thine.

XXX.

In truth I have forgotten thee;
Believe me, I regret
That when you say such pretty things
Thy looks I should forget—
My eyes must be deceiving, sir—
I'm sure I'll not deny
What they may tell, but I am not
Your Valentine, not I.

XXXI.

Would you but dance the Polka
 With any sort of grace,
 Or even the Redowa,
 I might forgive the face,
 But awkward and so ugly
 Without a word to say,
 I'll not be at your door
 On—St. Valentine's fair day.

XXXII.

If you could fence—or box, Sir—
 Ride, drive, or fire a gun—
 Or play the flute or sing, Sir—
 Or of *these*, any one—
 I might forgive your folly
 And your awkward shuffling feet
 But I hope that for a Valentine
 You—I may never meet.

XXXIII.

I would like to be your Valentine
 But you're too fond of stitching,
 You're ever at the worsted work,
 That you think so bewitching.
 If you'll forget your crotchet stick
 Put crotchets out your brain,
 I'll come and visit at your house
 As your Valentine again.

XXXIV.

I can work a worsted Romeo,
 Whom I prefer to you,
 And the flattest note in my guitar
 (Upon my life 'tis true)
 Seems sharper than your senses are
 And soft as your dull head.
 Oh no, Sir, here on earth, I'll not
 Be by a monkey led.

XXXV.

Can you look with coldness on the brow
 Where Love's true seal is set?
 Or bid me turn from passion's vow
 And struggle to forget?
 Can I forget thy looks, thy tone,
 (Nor die beneath despair)
 Alas! my love too wildly shown
 Proves thou art but too fair.
 No more can reason's calm control
 Hold empire o'er my breast—
 But yield thee, as my Valentine
 And I shall then be blest.

XXXV.

No, never speak of love to me—
 Diana's Slave am I—
 Or in plain English an old maid,
 Sir Valentine, good bye.

XXXVII.

The world is a wilderness, barren and dreary,
 But still 'mid its sands, a pure streamlet may
 flow,
 And I'm sure if *you* love me, I'll never grow
 weary,
 Be my Valentine then, and so happy we'll
 grow,
 And if e'er o'er my brow, one dark shadow
 were stealing,
 One smile from those sweet lips would bid it
 depart.
 Could Heaven e'er form thee so glowing with
 feeling
 To refuse me ? oh no, Love, you have not the
 heart.

XXXVIII.

Mercy—I yield, I yield—
 Against Love, I have no shield—
 Bind me with Hymen's chain
 Ever captive to remain.
 Laughing loves and joys entwine
 A garland for thy Valentine.

XXXIX.

'Tis Cupid's holiday—come buy
 A Valentine, sweet girl,
 Come choose me, I have coal black eyes
 And locks that love to curl.
 Six feet without my high-heel'd boots,
 A distangue Moustache—
 There's one thing, I will own, I want
 That dross, the world calls cash.



XL.

I cannot, I love soft blue eyes
 And lips without a hair—
 Six feet is much too tall for me,
 Unless I mount a chair—
 And the very article you want,
 So selfish have I grown—
 I find too little for the wants
 I have, Sir, of my own—
 I fancy not a grenadier,
 No Valentine, seek I, this year.

X L I.

Breathe but those words, beloved, come,
And, as the pilgrim to his shrine
The wild bird to its nest,
So will my willing Spirit greet
Those words so welcome and so sweet
And seek with thee to rest.
The breeze that passeth o'er my brow
Perchance but late hath passed o'er thine,
Did it not whisper in its course—
Be, Love—my Valentine ?



X L I I.

Oh ! no, it cannot be, we've met
As strangers meet, what could I see
(In those cold looks and freezing smiles)
Of ardent love for me ?
No, no, those looks one moment wore
A sunny radiance, 'twas a dream,
Long past, no more a Valentine
To me, you e'er will seem.

XLIII.

Smile on me, Lady Love, once more,
Nor turn the postman from the door,
He lays Love's offering at your feet,
An offering, for thy beauty meet—
And when I see you pass my door,
As you have often done before,
I'll watch for you at half past nine
And walk with my sweet Valentine.

XLIV.

I've changed my mind, I did but flirt
And hope, dear sir, you are not hurt,
And as for passing by your door,
Pray when did I do that before?
Your vanity has much misled
Or you have been by fancy fed.
Walk with you, Sir, at half past nine?
Excuse me, not *your* Valentine.

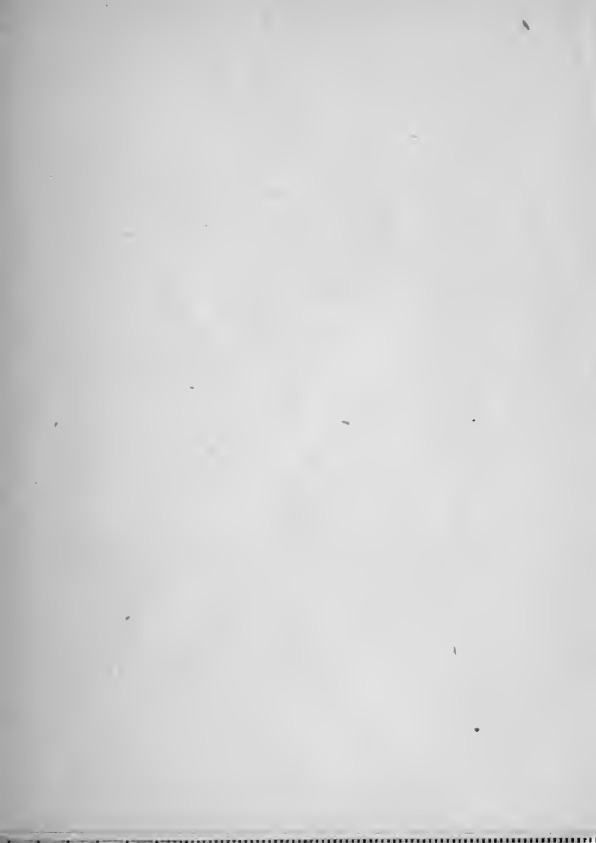
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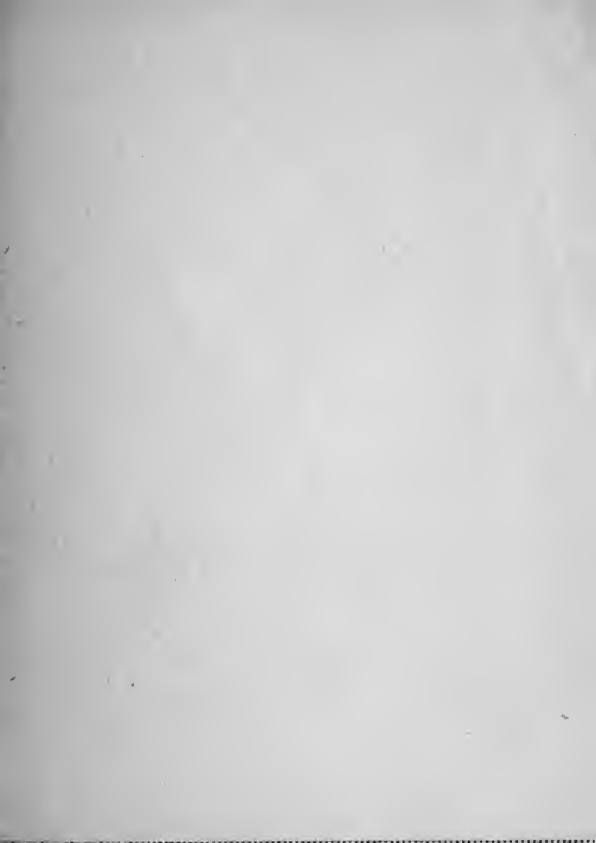
Flowers fade and youth decays—
 List then, Lady, to my lays—
 Gather up the buds of Love
 Ere the cold earth-winds have strove
 With their chilling blasts to sever,
 From young Cupid's bowers forever
 Flowers, and Hearts, that should combine,
 And bloom forever in Sunshine.
 Catch my meaning, Lady dear,
 'Tis the young unsullied year;
 Forget cold looks and then divine
 Who woo'st thee, sweetest Valentine.

X L V I .

In Church, I gaze upon thy face,
 And think of thee, at one word, grace
 And that I will vouchsafe to you
 If you'll be constant, kind and true;
 'The year is young and so art thou,
 I know thee well, I've guessed thee now,
 If you will be my Valentine,
 I'm quite content to call you mine.







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